

The TATLER

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and BYSTANDER

London
March 20, 1946



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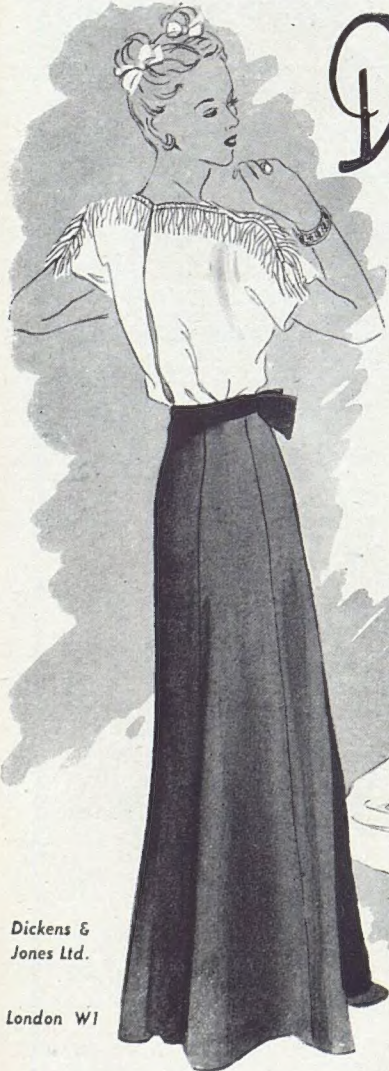
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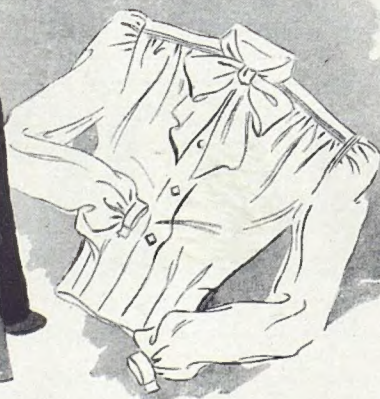
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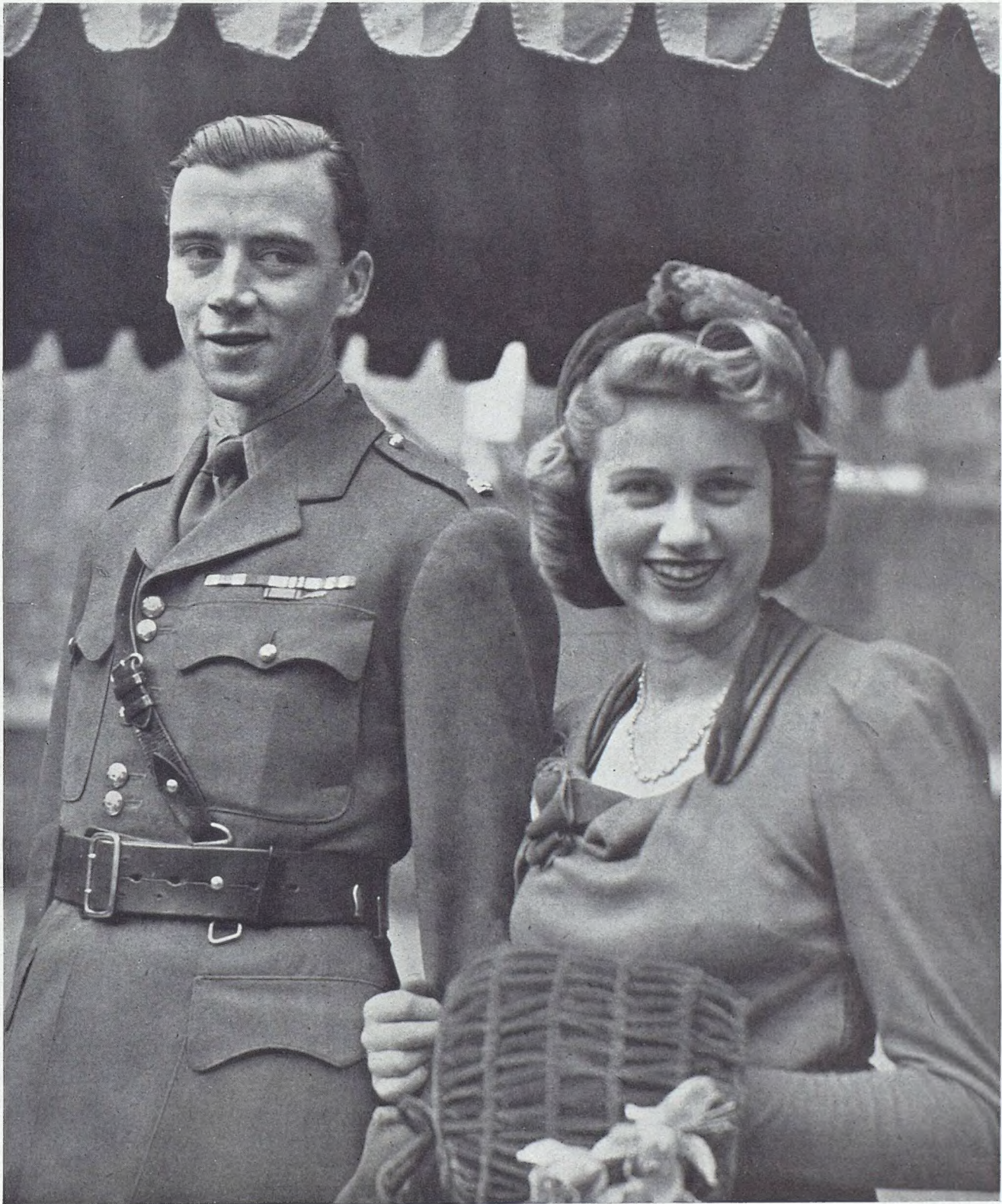
THE TATLER

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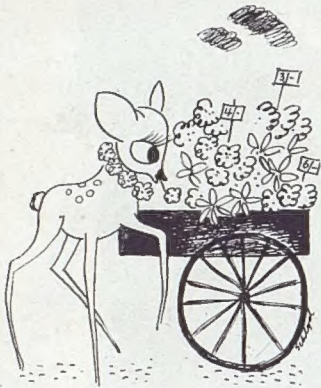


Leaving the Church

Major the Hon. Desmond Clive Chichester, Coldstream Guards; was married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, recently, to Mrs. L. A. Twining. He is the younger son of Lord and Lady Templemore, and his wife is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Montagu Ravenhill and the widow of Capt. R. C. Twining, Welsh Guards. Best man was the bridegroom's elder brother, Major the Hon. Dermot Chichester, 7th Queen's Own Hussars

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

PORTRAITS IN PRINT



Some Talk of Spring —tra, la-la



TODAY, unless I have forgotten the fantastic complications of the Roman calendar, is the day when the New Year used formally to open. And until far on into the eighteenth century our ancestors reckoned their dates as, let us say, March 20, 1740, and the following day as March 21, 1741.

I can never make up my mind whether it is saner to reckon the year's beginning from the spring equinox, or from the somewhat arbitrary date we go in for nowadays. Certainly, there is much to be said for the spring equinox. Despite the gloom of the newspapers, the threat of further reductions in our rations, one cannot stifle in one's heart the pleasure of the lengthening afternoons, the occasional moment when one can saunter through the streets without one's overcoat. On the other hand, there is also something to be said for proclaiming a new year at the very moment when life seems at its dearest, and only a small recession of the dark on the afternoons that follow Twelfth Night afford you a frozen crumb of comfort.

Dramatic Spring

PERSONALLY, I never enjoy the haphazard spring of northern Europe quite so much as the intensely formal, dramatic spring which one gets in the East. The winter, day by day, grows drier and more high-strung. Earth and sky crumble into a common yellow, metallic deposit, like the burnings off a carbon arc. Tempers rise with rising English voices in the hysterical air. You can make your enemies jump a mile by rubbing your feet on a rough mat till you are charged with static electricity, and then let it crackle against their limp palm as you shake hands. The air grows taut as a bowstring, or the stay of a ship in a gale.

Then suddenly, the Day of Excited Insects is announced; you go to bed in a pet and wake up soothed, caressed by a gentle zephyr, knowing you are a demi-god. You ride out into the country, and it is like a prairie fire, a green fire, the young rice raging and tearing through the paddy fields where soon the babies will squat all day, thousand upon thousand of minute irrigation pumps, shifting the dark waters from one level to another with their insignificant brown paws.

Provencal Spring

OR, I like the first encounter with the spring as one comes down to the Mediterranean from a Paris preferably left in pouring rain. It should be raining too in Lyons, where one has spent the night. A dull wet wave barely opens to allow you a slithering passage through Vienne, or a fitful view of the racing Rhône. Then you climb the hills this side of Orange—a prophetic name if ever there was one. You descend into the charming little town with its Roman amphitheatre, and suddenly the impalpable smell of spring is all about you, or perhaps more strictly an emotion than a smell—the ghosts of mimosa and watercarts, the play of sun upon air which has not yet forgotten

the sea, the noise of new stocks arriving at the local store, espadrille and short-sleeved lively shirts—the classic Mediterranean uniform for fishing, love-making, smuggling, running a garage, or fighting a civil war.

The English Spring

UNTIL recently, the English spring barely touched me. I could not help feeling the Elizabethans had made an almost unnecessary fuss about it. O, yes! My father had told me all the flattering things that foreigners, and particularly the eminent botanist Linnæus had said in its favour. But during my brief experiences of our spring, the cowslips and the primroses always seemed to me a shade too sodden from the last downpour.

I preferred the poignant beauty of an English autumn, the reddening cover stirred by shouts and shots and the sudden whirr of a rising bird—sounds so clear they seem to mount vertically in the languorous air, like the smoke of the season.

And then, when the war kept me year after year in England, and I learned to enjoy the full beauty of the English spring, a sense of guilt obscured my pleasure. For spring surely should beget hope, and what hope could the spring afford these last six times? Nothing but an end of military hibernation, the roads freeing themselves of hampering mud, the fields growing hard enough to take the destructive advancing weight of the tanks, the lark rising to sing over dead men.

Nor will I suggest this spring of 1946 is a moment for feckless rejoicing. One thinks less of Botticelli's allegory than of the lean millions through the



world. But at least, a certain lightness of heart will not be rank bad taste. Every crocus, every patch of blue sky no longer means that someone is getting ready to slaughter someone else. Rather does it portend an easing of monotony and discomfort, the shattered house growing warmer, more milk, possibly a few more eggs for the world. Perhaps in a month or so's time, even the ruins of Hiroshima and Nagasaki will take a place in the overworked pattern of the Japanese spring. Will the charabancs run this year, bearing bespectacled lovers to points where they can observe Fujiyama through cherry blossom?

The Birth-rate

I NOTICE a spate of books bewailing our falling off in fertility, and prophesying our consequent eclipse as a great power. A century from now, they say, we shall be reduced to less than a quarter of our present population. I confess such a prospect

cheers rather than chills me. I have yet to be persuaded of the virtues of numbers. The tallest skyscraper, the longest liner, the largest population—is it necessarily here we must look for excellence? The population of the world since the earliest historic times—since the time of the Emperor Augustus, let us say, to that of our own Charles II—despite the ravages of plagues like the Black Death, stayed more or less constant, I have heard, at about 400 million souls. In the last two hundred and eighty years, it has grown five-fold, most of the increase occurring in the nineteenth century. During those hundred years our population almost quadrupled, since 1900 it has only increased by another third, and soon it will begin to decline—with increasing speed.

Greybeard England?

I HAVE yet to be persuaded it will mean the end of us as a great Power. Indeed, I have yet to be persuaded of the beauties of being a great Power at all in the sense envisaged by these earnest protagonists of fertility. Of course, there is something repulsive about the idea of a society where old men predominate. The voice of the majority is dull and depressing enough even when it is young. An England where greybeards cast all our opinions into shapes which would be frozen hard by radio and Press would be not particularly seductive. But once our population had shrunk to a handy, comfortable size again—eight million or so seems to me ideal—there would seem no reason why a normal proportion between young and old people should not gradually re-establish itself. And think how pleasant England must have been when the population last lay round about that figure—in the days of Queen Anne. At no time since, with all our extra millions, has England enriched the world with so many men of genius. Let us remember too the minute population of Athens, and the treasures they heaped upon posterity. What if the Russians and the Indians and the Chinese are endowed with a fertility rate double or treble ours? If numbers are the only criterion of power for the future, then they will have our measure anyway. Does it then really matter whether we are forty-two millions or eight?

IN any case, you are not going to increase the number of children in this country, unless you reduce the women to the condition of squaws again, or you afford all mothers a certainty of what is genteelly called "domestic help." The large Victorian birth-rate took place in prosperous houses where the mistress even rang for coal to be put on the fire; or in the miserable servitude of working-class families where nobody, least of all the victims, thought of women as much above the beasts, and where children were no loved creatures to be cosseted and educated, but so many rascally little machines, that might earn extra money for their harassed parents from the age of five. Yes. Make no mistake about it, there is something faintly barbarous about an increasing birth-rate. . . .

PICTURE OF THE WEEK



Spring commences (officially) 21 March

*The naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze.*

JULIAN GRENFELL

James Agas

AT THE PICTURES

Odds and Ends

ONE should not keep the good things of this world to oneself. Wherefore I have pleasure in imparting to readers bits of a letter from my old friend Nigel Bruce. To be accurate, I am old and he is not. Further, I am not sure that the friendship is not all on his side, my notion of it being that we met once on the golf course at Freshwater in the Isle of Wight, where he strode up to me and in Dr. Watson's most aggrieved accents said, "Damn it, sir, you've played my ball!" But perhaps I am mixing him up with Gordon Harker who, on the same course, addressed me in exactly the same terms. But human memory is fallible. It now appears that an epistolary friendship of many years' standing was originally formed on the golf course at Llandudno, where Nigel and Owen Nares were trying out Edgar Wallace's *The Calendar*.

MR. EDITOR, I crave permission to reproduce here a little of what I wrote about this piece in another place seventeen years ago. Not, sir, I beg you to believe, because I am gravelled for lack of matter, but to bring a breath of the old country to one who is still an Englishman at heart though a Californian by adoption.

"I personally do not believe that aristocratic ne'er-do-wells hand for safe keeping against a rainy day £20,000 in bank notes to ladies of little honesty and less thrift. Still less do I believe that racehorse owners send their womenfolk letters telling them that they intend to pull their horse in the Ascot Stakes. Frankly, I confess to some faint astonishment at Mr. Wallace's naivety in these affairs of the heart, the turf, and the bank account. These things being said, it remains only to add that the whole boiling makes a magnificent entertainment. The best performance is that given by Mr. Gordon Harker, looking exactly like Sir Gerald du Maurier. Second prize goes to Mr. Alfred Drayton, third to Mr. Cronin Wilson, and fourth to Mr. Nigel Bruce, while the rest do well. Mr. Nares? But Mr. Nares is the hero and centre of the play, and therefore *hors concours*."

Let me assure Dr. Watson that Edgar's play was a miracle of intellectuality in comparison with the mindlessness which now floods nine-tenths of the London West End stage.

My old friend writes:

"February has been quite an eventful month for me, as three weeks ago I became a grandfather, Jennifer giving birth to a boy which they have called Bruce Jay Gould after both his father and myself. I am now home again from the St. John's hospital whither I was rushed ten days ago with pneumonia. I am weak but much better, and put the whole recovery down to that amazing penicillin which I have had injected into an odd part of my personality every three hours for days!

"For a man who hates the films your job with

the *Tatler* is a disgrace! I wouldn't miss one of your notices and agree with eighty-five per cent of them. How I agreed with you about *Going My Way*. When mother came shuffling in at the end I vomited. I thought *Wilson* the best picture of last year and feel it should have got the award, especially Henry King for its direction. In their defence I must say the films have given us Emil Jannings, Charlie Chaplin and Preston Sturges, and California has given me pleasant years. I have seen bear, deer, beaver and mink before lunch, and the fish rise to a dry or wet fly with unfailing regularity and then fight like hell. You'd love it, Jimmie, and you'd like California as much as I do. I love the West Coast as much as I dislike the city of New York, and Boy that's saying a lot!"

The Harvey Girls (Empire). Here is the story. Susan Bradley (Judy Garland) is on a train nearing Sandrock, one of the tougher of New Mexico's pioneer towns, where a Harvey Restaurant has been established. The year is 1890. On the same train are ten other girls, who are to act as waitresses in Sandrock. Susan also is getting off at Sandrock to marry a cowboy with whom she has had correspondence. At Sandrock it turns out that the letters from the cowboy were a hoax perpetrated by Ned Trent (John Hodiak), a gambling hall proprietor, and that they were written for an illiterate drunkard named Hartsey (Chill Wills). Susan fails to see the joke and gets a job as one of the Harvey Girls. Judge Sam Purvis (Preston Foster) and other townsmen decide to try measures to evict the Harvey Girls because their integrity seems to interfere with the rough and crooked ways with which they are familiar and which they prefer. And so on and so forth. All in Technicolor, of course. But a horror with or without colour. Who, by the way, advises Miss Garland as to what she should accept and what turn down? For consenting to appear in this abysmal nonsense our Judy should be given a punch.

Is it not time that the film companies set up a Director of Imbecility? His first function would be to put a ban on any film which did not come up to the intellectual standard of a nine-year-old. It is too much, perhaps, to expect that all scenarios should be submitted to such a director with the object of preventing the film from being made. But arrangements might be made to have the films I have in mind marked "N.A." meaning Not for Adults.

And there are bits of films upon whose deletion such a director would insist. I saw a film last week in which a young man suffering from a nervous breakdown kept on reading to himself the grimmer parts of the Ghost's speech to Hamlet, explaining that he found this more cheerful than his own thoughts.



"... I am old but he is not."

Whereupon the heroine, who was a chambermaid, said she knew some better poetry of her own composing, and she recited, as near as I can remember, the following:

Little flower, how I pine
After all thy beauty;
And wish my hands were soft as thine,
But still could do their duty.

To which, of course, the hero's proper answer was: "What about emptying those slops?"

Late At Night, the new thriller at Studio One, is by Henry C. James. The little more and what worlds away! as somebody nearly remarked. But then I suppose it would never occur to a film company to get a director who could read to have a look at Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw*, and see whether that would make a good film. And why not have a keek at the famous Moat Farm Case? What about the murderer who, walking in his sleep, visits his victim's grave and only discovers that he has been sleep-walking when he wakes to find his hands covered with white paint from a newly coated gate?

The present thriller deals with racketeering in gin, and to do it justice it deals very thrillingly in the racketeering scenes. The rest is nonsense. Here again my Director of Imbecility would intervene to the extent of seeing that every line spoken by the heroine was either altered or spoken differently. This is one of those uppish young women who decline to receive gentlemen in their boudoirs late at night (a) because they are tired, and (b) because they are not attired to receive gentlemen. When the young woman was not being hoity she was being toity. My director would also have something to say about such a line as "I want to have a smell at the corpse," suspected though that corpse may be of having been concerned in a scent racket. But my attention was held throughout all the scenes in which Paul Demel, Bill Holland, Dennis Harkin, Ben Williams, and Noel Dryden appeared. I believed in every one of these. But not at all in Barry Morse, whose charm doesn't exactly reek of Fleet Street as the hard-boiled know it.

Grand Commando Ball at Newmarket

in Aid of Benevolent Fund



Lord Willoughby de Broke auctioning for the Commando's Benevolent Fund; he raised over £200 for the fund. With him was Lady Irwin, Captain W. H. Ellery, and (behind) Major F. H. Horton



Captain W. H. Ellery, the organizer of the Ball, dancing with Lady Alice Egerton

● Lady Irwin, with Mrs. Featherstonehaugh and a committee, assisted Captain W. H. Ellery, late No. 3 Commando and now stationed at Newmarket, to organize the Ball. Many people in the neighbourhood brought parties, including Baroness Cederstrom, Colonel and Mrs. Cutlack, and Countess Fitzwilliam. Captain and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort brought a party from Freemason's Lodge, while Lady Alice Egerton, the Earl of Ellesmere's youngest sister, was with Lady Irwin's party



Major O. R. H. Chichester, K.R.R.C., the Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley, Lord Delamere's elder daughter, and Lieut. Thomas Meageen, The Rifle Brigade



Lieutenant H. M. Stanley and Miss Bridget Ozanne, daughter of Major-General W. M. Ozanne, G.O.C. East Anglian District



Countess Fitzwilliam, wife of Earl Fitzwilliam, Mr. John Walker and Mr. Richard Gaskell



Mr. R. Paterson, of Chicago, U.S.A., Miss Mary O'Leary, Mr. David Mungavin, Miss Joy Collins, Captain Michael Mungavin and Mrs. E. Collins



Miss M. Stanley, her father, Lieutenant-Colonel K. B. Stanley, M.B.E., 4/7th Dragoon Guards, Major-General W. M. Ozanne and Mrs. K. B. Stanley

Sketches by
Tom Titt



The Perfect Secretary: Mary Biggleswade (Beryl Baxter), the secretary who sides with her boss when he is in trouble even to renouncing her own father



The Boss's Son: Jack Bauer (David Langton), whose ideas on Industrial Democracy revolutionize the factory and nearly break his father's heart and business



Big Business: Millionaire Thomas W. Craig (Ian Maclean) causes some consternation with factory owner Joe Bauer (Harry Green), his somewhat slow-witted foreman, Albert Biggleswade (Frank Pettingell), and his harassed bank manager, Daniel Dawson (Cameron Hall), when they discover that he has escaped from a lunatic asylum

The Theatre

"Fifty-Fifty" (Strand)

THREE out of four new plays seen the other week were concerned with the relations of capital and labour. The simple foreign visitor might have supposed that the English theatre had something on its mind and was hell-bent either for revolution or reaction. But, of course, it is always the result of pure chance if our theatre ever seems to be thinking about something in particular. In this instance the Amalgamated Engineering Union had commissioned a play to celebrate its centenary, and the new Theatre '46 was so foolish as to open with it, thus giving the presumably false impression that it is a political organization. In *Red Roses For Me*, Mr. Sean O'Casey happened to be romantically remembering the Ireland of 1913 and Jim Larkin and the great strikes and lock-outs of the time. And at the same time Mr. Harry Green, that engaging Jewish comedian, had returned to London with a farce based on an old American comedy of the Californian fruit-canning industry now called *Fifty-Fifty*. These are the facts which explain why for a whole week playgoers revealed to each other in the foyers unsuspected depths of Red and Blue.

PERHAPS the most unusual feature of the farce at the Strand is that it hopes to get its laughter from the True Blues. Most farces are left wing in the sense that they are out to pull the leg of whatever is respectable and established; this is so much a matter of tradition and practice that it casts no shadow on the enjoyment of the respectable and the established. They listen to abuse of themselves with all the pleasure in the world. But here is a farce which wears the boot on the other leg. It spends the greater part of the evening kicking labour round the stage. Mr. Harry Green is the owner of the factory. It is mortgaged to the bank, and he must get more orders or his men will have no work. He is breathless with worry and also with the continuous effort to speak two sentences at one and the same time. "Even when I go to sleep I lie awake," he tells us, and we can

believe it. Mr. Green's comedy is never very far from pathos and however ludicrous his situation he contrives to suggest the little man who is pathetically in earnest. At this crisis his son and his pretty secretary both "get democracy." Their preaching infects the men, and Mr. Frank Pettingell, the foolish foreman and personal friend of his employer, arrives to demand on behalf of his comrades a share of the profits and an equal voice in the management. The rub of the comedy in this act is the capitalist's incredulity that anyone daily set free from work and worry by the factory whistle should wish to change places with him.

THERE follows an interlude of easy and somewhat unsatisfactory comedy turning on the Parliamentary form which the workers give their management (Mr. Green is designated Prime Minister and Mr. Pettingell, enormously inflated with pomp and circumstance, Secretary of State), and then the farce is given a lift by the arrival of an escaped lunatic who believes in industrial democracy and is prepared to back the experiment with his millions. He and his millions, vanishing only to appear again, help the farce on an even keel to the end. It is not, in cold truth, a very good farce, and the futile attempt to give it a Yorkshire setting still further handicaps its dialogue, but Mr. Green is a slick and amiable farceur and his fast-moving despair and incredulities and sudden enthusiasms are delightfully set off by Mr. Pettingell's moon-faced zany who sees himself as the reincarnation of Lincoln. Nobody else has much to do, but Mr. Ian Maclean is blithe and bonny as the millionaire with one foot in the world of big business and the other in the lunatic asylum. The entertainment should in theory give great pleasure to the capitalists who can, for once, laugh at those who think that any fool could do their job better than it is now done. But perhaps capitalists prefer to laugh at themselves. It is more comfortable that way, maybe.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

ROYAL ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART



Daphne Slater, winner of this year's Bancroft Gold Medal, which is the highest award of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She is aged eighteen, slight and fair-haired. She entered the R.A.D.A. five terms ago



Sir Kenneth Barnes

Sir Kenneth Barnes was made Principal of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in 1909, five years after the Academy was founded by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. He is brother of Dame Irene Vanbrugh, and has been both theatre critic and playwright.

At the time of his appointment to the R.A.D.A., the Council of the Academy included such famous people as Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Sir Arthur Pinero and Sir James Barrie. He served in the Army from 1914-19 and was knighted in 1938.

Through the years there have passed through his hands as students a prodigious number of the foremost actors and actresses of to-day—Charles Laughton, John Gielgud, Flora Robson—the names are too many to record, but the achievement that lies behind the man who guided these artistes in their first steps to fame is something that will not be forgotten.

Sir Kenneth, who is in the sixties, is grey-haired and stoops a little.

"Most of the students tell me they want to be versatile, and most of them like playing Shakespeare and Shaw, which is a good sign. There's no better dramatic grounding for any young actor than Shakespeare." Comparing the basic acting ability of boys and girls, he has found that although women are natural actresses:

"The boys come along just as well once they become interested in their training. Of course, girls are always older for their age than boys are."



The Bride and Bridegroom Cutting the Wedding Cake

Wedding of Major the Hon. Michael Fitzalan-Howard and Miss Jean Hamilton-Dalrymple

The Bridegroom is the Second Son of Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont, and the Bride Sir Hew and Lady Hamilton-Dalrymple's Younger Daughter



Capt. and Mrs. Nicholas Loftus, Lt. H. P. Dinwiddy with Lt.-Col. the Hon. Miles Fitzalan-Howard, brother of the bridegroom and best man



The bridesmaids, the Hon. Miranda (left) and the Hon. Miriam Fitzalan-Howard (right), sisters of the bridegroom, and Miss Elsie Hamilton-Dalrymple, sister of the bride, with one of the pages, Nicholas Thorne



Major James Bowes-Lyon, Grenadier Guards, and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, who is a daughter of Sir Humphrey de Trafford



The parents of the bridegroom, Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont



The parents of the bride, Sir Hew and Lady Hamilton-Dalrymple, of North Berwick



Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Baring with their son Peter, who was one of the pages, and their daughter Ann



Lord and Lady Dormer. Lady Dormer was formerly Lady Maureen Noel, and is sister of the Earl of Gainsborough



Ann Baring with her brother, Peter Baring, and another of the pages, Nicholas Thorne, who are all cousins of the bride

Photographs by Swaebe

Tossing the Pancake at Westminster School



School cook John Angel has made, and tossed, the pancakes for the past twenty-five years



The struggle is on: who grabs fastest grabs biggest, and clearly the boy in white is a length ahead

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

MOST of the guests at the private dance which Their Majesties gave for Princess Elizabeth at Buckingham Palace recently were young folk of H.R.H.'s own age, which turned the occasion (almost) into an unofficial debutantes' ball; all the Princess's young friends at whose "coming-out" parties she has recently been a guest were invited. The ballroom proper on the first floor of the Palace is still out of use, and the makeshift dance-floor in the Bow Room, which has been used for all Palace parties since the war, was again used, with small supper-tables set round the sides of the room, and the dance band playing in the adjoining Grand Hall.

The King and Queen and both the Princesses danced a variety of numbers, and it was well into the small hours of the morning before the last couples left the dance-floor. Most of the young officers of the brigade who have been Princess Elizabeth's escorts and companions on her theatre visits in recent months were among her partners.

Invitations had been sent to some 250 guests, and after the party there were 250 people in complete agreement about the excellence of the Royal hospitality.

ROYAL VISIT TO BELFAST

LADY MARY STRACHEY, back after several months' absence from Court, has resumed duties as Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Elizabeth, while the Hon. Mrs. Vicary Gibbs has gone on leave to begin preparations for her forthcoming marriage to the Queen's nephew, Capt. the Hon. Andrew Elphinstone.

One of her first tasks was to arrange, in conjunction with Capt. Sir Harold Campbell, the King's Groom-of-the-Robes and Naval Equerry, details of the Princess's official visit to Northern Ireland, for which the Admiralty placed the cruiser H.M.S. *Superb* at H.R.H.'s disposal. The Princess's visit was in fulfilment of two promises made by her, one when she was in Ulster with the King and Queen on their

victory visit last year, that she would come back on her own as soon as opportunity offered, and the other to her uncle and aunt, Earl and Countess Granville, to pay an early visit to them during Lord Granville's term of office as Governor, a family connection which made the prospect of staying at Government House, Hillsborough, all the more pleasant.

AROUND TOWN

TAKING the spring air in an after-lunch stroll I met Countess Spencer, tall and elegant Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty, walking with two friends. Col. Sir John Aird, who has just retired from active service with the Grenadier Guards, was another stroller. He wore that fashionable but almost unobtainable article of male attire, a bowler hat. Others whom I saw walking included Lord Cranborne, Sir Eric Mieville, very busy now with his new career in commerce, Lord Horder, the famous doctor, on his way to attend the Artists' Benevolent Institution meeting at Burlington House, and Sir Alan Herbert, who was going to the same function, where the Duchess of Kent, patron of the Institution and herself an artist of no mean skill, and Sir Alfred Munnings, President of the Royal Academy, were also present. I met also the Marchioness of Townshend, who was in town for the day for a committee meeting in connection with the premiere of *The Bells of St. Mary's*, at the Carlton Theatre on March 21st. Lady Townshend told me that she and her husband (who has been demobilised from the Scots Guards) have gone back to live at Raynham, their home in Norfolk, where the Marquess is farming. Mme. Rybar told me that her husband, the Yugoslav Ambassador-designate to Norway, has been seriously ill, but is happily now well on the road to recovery. When I met Hilda Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, who had just come away from a meeting of S.S.A.F.A., for which she is vice-President, she told me they badly want volunteers, part- or

whole-time, to help in all branches of S.S.A.F.A., which still has an enormous task to carry out. Anyone with any spare time please get in touch with Hilda Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, S.S.A.F.A. Headquarters, 23, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.

Lady Sempill, well wrapped up against the March winds, told me they are hoping to get back into their London home soon; it has been requisitioned during the war. In the meantime they have taken a flat which she finds far too small, as she now has three little girls under four years, the youngest only three months old.

FOR THE COMMANDOS

QUEEN MARY graciously attended the first matinee of the operetta *Song of Norway* at the Palace Theatre in aid of the Commandos' Benevolent Fund, which is raising funds to help disabled Commandos. This matinee and a ball at Newmarket were the preliminaries to what is to be known as "Operation Finance." This is the main Commando week to be held throughout the country in June, when they hope to raise £100,000. Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Supreme Allied Commander, S.E.A.C., has accepted the presidency of this Fund's Appeal Committee. Major-Gen. Bob Laycock, head of Combined Operations, and his wife received Queen Mary on her arrival at the theatre, and they alternately sat with Her Majesty in her box during the performance. They had their own two children in the adjoining box. Others there were Maud Duchess of Wellington, whose only son, the late Duke, was a Commando and killed on operations in Italy in 1943; she had two friends with her in the stalls.

Sir Hugh Turnbull, Lady Arbuthnot, Major and Mrs. Harper-Gow, Gen. Wildman Lushington, Sir Robert Sturges and Lt.-Col. A. C. Newman, V.C., who gained his award for his part in the raid on St. Nazaire, were others sitting near me in the stalls.



The time is up. Who wins? The finger of the Rt. Rev. Paul de Labillière, Dean of Westminster, points to young Philip Webb, a fifteen-year-old London boy and a King's Scholar

THE GARTH HUNT BALL

THIS year Hunt Balls have run on later than usual. The Garth didn't hold theirs until early March. This ball, organised by Mrs. Lilburne, wife of Major Rue Milburne, who is in the Greys, and Miss Marigold Charrington, who, incidentally, has recently announced her engagement to Major Bobby Philips, M.C., was a cheery and bright affair. Among those who brought parties were Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Palmer—the former is one of the two acting Masters of the Hunt, which is being run by a committee. The Hon. Robin Cayzer, Lord Rotherwick's son and heir, brought a large party over from Tynney Hall, which included his younger sister, the Hon. Mrs. Wyldbore Smith, Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley and the Hon. Diana Berry. Among others there were Major and Mrs. Robin Dunne, Capt. and Mrs. Mark Philips, the Countess of Northesk, dancing with her nephew, Mr. Peter Vlasto, Mrs. Penn-Curzon Howe, Col. and Mrs. Colin Davey and Capt. Peter Crowder.

VISIT TO AMERICA

SIR HAROLD and Lady Zia Wernher, who, with their younger daughter, have been staying in Tucson, Arizona, for the last month, are planning to fly back to London in about a fortnight's time. While they have been in America their elder daughter, Georgina, who married Lt.-Col. Harold Phillips, Coldstream Guards, gave birth to a daughter at Tucson Medical Centre.

The Marchioness of Milford Haven, who has also been staying over there with her son, and is a sister of Lady Zia's, joined them for a few days. The Wernhers also spent a long week-end with Douglas Fairbanks and his attractive wife at their Los Angeles home.

DEBUTANTES' DANCE

ONE of the largest and most successful private dances of the season was given recently at the Dorchester Hotel by Mrs. Kathleen Stourton, for her two attractive, blonde-haired daughters, Mary and Monica. Well over five hundred guests had been invited, and among those present were the Hon. Charles Stourton, who is a nephew of the hostess and son of Lord Mowbray, Lady Elizabeth Lumley, Lord Fairfax, who was giving a dance of his own the following Saturday, Miss Patricia Beauchamp, looking pretty and vivacious as usual, and her cousin, Miss June Wendell. Miss Sarah Dashwood was dancing with her brother, Francis. Other family parties included Lord Dunboyne, who escorted two of his three sisters, the Hon. Maureen and the Hon. Sheila Butler, the Hon. Mrs. Randal Smith, who came with her two tall daughters, Gillian and Jane, and Lord Melchett's son and daughter, the Hon. Julian

and the Hon. Karis Mond, the latter looking very pretty in a royal-blue organdie dress with large puff sleeves, her long fair hair done in simple "page-boy" style. Miss Violet de Trafford wore an unusual dark-green velvet coat over her tulle dress, with a lace cravat at the neck, and a spray of white flowers in her hair. Another guest was the Queen's niece, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, who told me her sister, Jean, was suffering from the prevalent chicken-pox. Sir Bernard Freyberg's son, Paul, who is a captain in the Grenadier Guards, was dancing with auburn-haired Miss Mary Clare Fitzgerald. Barbara Countess of Moray's second daughter was wearing a simple dress of sapphire-blue velvet, and Miss Ursula James was in pink and silver.

Pale yellow or off-white seemed to be the most popular shades of the evening, and wearing dresses of these colours were tall and slender Miss Maxine Birley, Miss Bronwen Williams-Wynn, who seemed to be thoroughly enjoying herself; pretty, petite Lady Cecilia Anson and her cousin, Miss Bridget Keppel, whose elder sister married Mr. Charles Lloyd recently.

A band of the Grenadier Guards supplied the music, and an adjoining room was reserved for the buffet. Here I saw Lord Buckhurst, handing his partner a glass of champagne; Baroness Cederstrom's daughter, Brita, who was wearing an attractive dress of black net over an emerald-green slip; Mr. Michael Naylor-Leyland, and Mr. Stephen Hudson, son of the ex-Minister of Agriculture. The Hon. Miriam and Miranda Fitzalan-Howard were chatting to a group of friends, and standing near by I saw Miss Caroline Lascelles, who is the daughter of the King's Private Secretary, Sir Alan Lascelles.

SUNDAY AT ETON

STROLLING across the famous playing-fields of Eton, and on to lunch at the popular hotel run by an old Etonian, I found several parents down to spend the day with their sons. Among these was Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, the Earl of Normanton's youngest sister, who had motored over from her home at Alton with her seven-year-old son, George, to spend the day with her elder son, Mark, now in his third year at Eton, in Mr. Hartley's house. Their father, Captain Christopher Jeffreys, was killed in action in 1940. Another parent was Lady Bruntisfield, in navy blue, who was lunching quietly in a corner with her youngest son, Robin, now grown nearly to the height of his tall brothers. Lord Manners was lunching with his youngest son, Thomas. A distinguished visitor to the school that day was M. Massigli, the French Ambassador, whom I saw passing the famous old Cockpit with Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell.



Come forward then, Master Philip, and let us see your trophy. H'm—a very big piece



And so there is a golden guinea for the tousle-haired boy, presented to him by the Headmaster, Dr. J. T. Christie

The Victory Ball at the Dorchester

In Aid of the National Association of Boys' Clubs Incorporating the Brunswick Boys' Club

THE Victory Ball took place at the Dorchester Hotel at the beginning of this month. It was given in aid of the National Association of Boys' Clubs incorporating the Brunswick Boys' Club, of which Lady Irene Astor was the young Chairman of the Committee. The idea of the Brunswick Boys' Club was first conceived by prisoners of war, in Oflag 79, where Lady Irene's husband, Captain

Gavin Astor, was a prisoner. These clubs do a great deal of good, especially in the East End. At one of the committee meetings Mr. Basil Henriques, who is a Magistrate in the Juvenile Court, said that out of six hundred club boys in his district who had gone into the Services, 41 per cent. had become N.C.O.s or commissioned officers, which was a wonderful record. The President of the Victory

Ball Committee was Lady Violet Astor, Vice-Presidents were Lord Aberdare and Mrs. Warren Pearl, while Mrs. Derek Walker was Deputy Chairman. The Ball was described as the biggest and best dance since pre-war days, and it raised over £2000. The cast from *Strike It Again* gave a cabaret, and the band from Oflag 79 played in the interval

Photographs by Swaebe



Miss Mollie Biddulph, daughter of the Hon. Michael and Lady Amy Biddulph, Captain C. L. Grandage, Lady Elizabeth Lambart, daughter of the Earl of Cavan, and Mr. William Bell



The Marquess of Douró, son and heir of the Duke of Wellington, with Miss E. J. Lawrence, Mr. Bruce Carlisle and Miss Ann Winn



Baroness Ravensdale and Captain John Jay Ide. Lady Ravensdale is a daughter of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston



Mr. H. Garnett and Lady Tichborne, wife of Sir Anthony Tichborne. Sir Anthony is the fourteenth Baronet



Lord Aberdare (right), one of the vice-Presidents, Miss Sarah Dashwood and her fiancé, Major the Hon. M. G. L. Bruce, Lord Aberdare's elder son



Sir Anthony Tichborne and Mrs. D. Parker-Bowles, Sir Humphrey de Trafford's eldest daughter



Miss Primrose Roberts and Mr. J. Bevil Rudd



Miss G. Shorter and Captain P. J. Gardner, V.C.



Mr. Derek Parker-Bowles and Mrs. Sam Buxton



The Hon. Rosalind Bruce, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdare, and Mr. Basil Bruce

Lady Irene Astor, Chairman of the Victory Ball, with her husband, Captain Gavin Astor. Lady Irene is a sister of Earl Haig, and her husband is the son of the Hon. J. J. Astor and Lady Violet Astor and a nephew of Viscount Astor. They were married last October



Major Barclay Hankin and Miss Margaret Cripps



Mr. R. Naylor-Leyland and the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, niece of H.M. the Queen



Prince Michael Obolensky, Irish Guards, and Miss June Russell

PRISCILLA in PARIS

"Qui s'excuse, s'accuse"

How easy it is to get into a rut without being aware of the fact, and how high and crumbly the walls seem when one tries to climb out of it. The arrival of friends from England, eager to see what had become of the "Gay" City, made me realise that I have been stagnating a bit. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse*, but, for all of us, and we are many, who have got into a rut, I must put forward the plea of years of struggling with war jobs under difficult conditions, a certain amount of malnutrition, the physical weariness engendered by them—same and, above all, the horror of having lived for almost five years with the *vert-de-gris* swine in our midst. Now that these have gone, we still have to contend with the Black Market profiteers who are throwing their weight, and their ill-gotten gains, about everywhere in the *monde où l'on s'amuse*.

Comfortably installed in my rut, it was rather a shock to discover that I had become indifferent to so many things that, in the dear, dull days before the war, made up the normal round of living in Paris. To my utter confusion, I am also realising that I now speak Americanese more easily than English. My job, after D-Day, kept me in contact with the Third U.S. Army, and my pronunciation has become rather more Park Row (the New York "Street of Ink") than Park Lane (W.I.). My British visitor bombarded me with questions to which I didn't know the answers. I fenced, changed the conversation to topics with which I am familiar—for, after all, I know quite a lot about the Paris that visitors *don't* see—and then went home to ring up S.V.P., an encyclopædic agency of general information, and those of my young friends who, living in the belief that *l'argent n'a pas d'odeur*, don't care whether the wherewithal to pay bills comes from the Black Market or Aunt Sidonie's *bas de laine*.

In an hour's time I wore my pencil to a stub, and what I don't know about where to dine, dance-and-dilly-dally could be scratched on a dog-tag with a rusty nail.

THANKS be, my rise-from-the-rut coincides with the showing of the Spring Collections. Nothing brings one back to life quicker than new clothes . . . and what clothes! Has there really been a war, have we really been half-starved? Mannequins are certainly more rounded than they were in '39, and how glamorously Lelong emphasises their lovely lines. Is transportation difficult? Are there really no taxis? I don't see the wearers of Balenciaga's slinky, near-hobble skirts climbing Metro stairs or hopping on to the step of the few motor-buses that are beginning to circulate. On the other hand, Maggy Rouff glorifies the battle-jacket, which is both useful and lovely when it is made of brilliant corduroy; Madeleine de Rauch's sports clothes make one long for the wide open spaces . . . even if they are no wider than the widest avenues of the Bois de Boulogne . . . all these are sensible and lovely garments, while Schiaparelli's collection is what I would call of the bits-and-pieces order for wear on Fifth Avenue!

Captain Molyneux, after his six-years absence from Paris, had a wonderful reception. His clothes are lovely. Absolute perfection of line, material and colouring. As Gabrielle Dorziat says: "*Cet homme est un grand maître*," and far be it from me to contradict her. I think he is also an artist, a philosopher and a luck-bringer! Edward Molyneux made my frock

when I remarried; it expressed exactly the right note of sophistication, sentimental regret for an early mistake (on my part!) and happy confidence in the future. This happened fourteen years ago, the happy confidence has been fully justified, and now suppose I touch wood!

ON Sunday I took my English friend to Versailles. Tell it not in Gath but, diagnosing heart disease for this very lovely and perfectly healthy young woman, I wangled a small ambulance and drove her there with another accomplice. Where to lunch was a problem. But when in doubt ask a policeman. In this case the "bobby" was one of the veterans of '14-'18 who are on duty at the château (file this for reference!), and thanks to him we found ourselves in one of those shabby little old restaurants that used to abound in France. They have an uninviting ground floor while, upstairs, there are small rooms with wonderful parquets, an open wood-fire, tables spread with damask linen and table napkins to match, upon which, in good time (one must not be in too great a hurry), appears a meal worthy of the most epicurean of gourmets, accompanied by wines that a pre-war wine list would be proud to boast of. After this I sat in the car and let my friends visit the château.

BALLET night at the Grand Opera brought me a forgotten thrill. The ornate, gilt splendour of the Salle Garnier always has its charm. The lighting of the *grand escalier* has gone back to the lavishness of yesteryears. The house was packed, and it was only by luck and a good deal of diplomacy that we were able to get seats. But, alas, what a drab crowd! Uniforms, business suits, utility garments . . . such a contrast to the "collections" we had been seeing at the *grands couturiers*. In the grand-tier stage-box the Duchess of Windsor wore a lovely headdress of flame-coloured Paradise plumes with a simple black frock; the Duke was in morning dress. On the strength of this, and the heaviest fall of snow we have had in years, I went, next evening, to the *répétition générale* of Yves Mirande and Maurice Goudeket's play *Pas un mot à la Reine Mère*, at the little, old Théâtre Antoine, wearing gumboots and an ancient, waterproof travelling coat . . . there to find most of the women dolled out in "creations" and satin shoon. Pure cussedness! I felt better when I saw one of my dearest enemies slopping through the snow to the nearest Metro afterwards. Mirande and Maurice Goudeket (Maurice is Mme. Colette's husband) have scored a success. It is a modern version of *Education de Prince*, and it simply asks to be adapted for London.

Priscilla's "Friend from
England" Writes—

THE Gare St. Lazare at two in the morning; the worst blizzard for seventy years in full force; 3 ft. of snow; not a porter, not an official of any kind in sight (the last had disappeared with the final Metro at half-past midnight), and Charlie Creed, world-famous designer of women's clothes, cheerfully trundling a porter's truck piled high with our bits and pieces down the steep slope on to the platform,

Mme. Sacha Guitry, who is now appearing in the Revue "Folies Montmartre" at the Théâtre Pigalle. She dances and sings charmingly and was "grounded" in comedy by her ex-husband

Manoel, twenty-year-old son of the one and only "Spi"—darling of London, Paris and New York in the years following World War I.—has been working as an interpreter with the U.S. Army forces. Spinelly, one of the most popular of Parisienne diseuses, still has her country home near Biarritz; she has recently been playing in her old success "L'Ecole des Cocottes"



Roseray Gives Her Farewell Performance

Roseray, the finest acrobatic dancer France has ever known, recently gave her farewell performance at the Gala de l'Etoile. She is going to open a school to train young dancers. Keeping fit by acrobatics seems a wonderful method; Roseray made her first debut in 1920. These photographs were taken a few weeks ago

Harcourt, Paris

where in the dim distance a shadowy train was taking shape, three-and-a-half hours overdue. One desperate moment as the train approached: the truck out of control on the slope (steeper than it looked), and precious hat-boxes were on the line, here, there and everywhere, and our amateur porter laughing helplessly.

That is my last memory of Paris.

It had been a wonderful fortnight, packed full of surprise, excitement, champagne, good wines, superb cooking—and hard work.

The work was good; without it I should have felt very cold in Paris. And I was one of the lucky ones, for, staying at the Ritz (still among the best hotels in the world), I had hot baths night and day, the comfort of soft carpets and luxurious furnishings. But generally the fuel situation is desperate in Paris. English friends I visited showed me the fuel (coal-dust compounded into small, hard lumps) they had bought at £50 sterling a ton. Logs are almost impossible to get, the very occasional cartload in the street going to the highest bidder. People are cold and under-nourished. Their clothes are as shabby as ours, their shoes much worse. But the women still have that inimitable charm; they still put a flower in their hair, tie it with tulle and call it a hat—and look enchanting. They still chatter unceasingly.

THEY TALK, first and foremost, of "the Collections." In Paris the collections are of vital interest to everyone, from the *vendeuse* in the Printemps to the *femme de chambre*. The "new line" is of personal significance to every woman in Paris, however far beyond her dreams the prices of the *couturiers* may be. And prices are high; to us they hover between £40 for a day dress and £200 for an evening.

OF FOOD—a problem which can be nothing but a continual nightmare for the housewife with a family to feed. The ration of fat—which doesn't always materialise—is 2 ozs. a month; for the same period there is $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sugar. I never saw potatoes in the shops, nor a vegetable of any kind. There were grapefruit at 150 francs each, but how often could a family afford that? I never saw a milkman (or a milk bottle) or a fish queue, because there is no fish, unless, of course, the Black Market is up your street.

OF THE BALLET at the Théâtre National de l'Opéra, of the magnificent dancing of the adored Mlle. Chauvire and her partner, Serge Peretti; the 45 Club, where the smart people of Paris dance and where evening dress is essential on certain nights; and Colony Club, where one can be sure of meeting friends and where the drinks are excellent.

OF TRANSPORT—the latest smells of the Metro and the high charges of the taxi-drivers—350 francs from Vendôme to the Champs Elysées.

Last, but not least, of the Black Market, of the restaurant where the food is superb—at a price—the wines impeccable; of the shop where there is still a Camembert at 110 francs (remember the days when it cost 3'50 francs?), and where a bottle of cognac may still be bought.

J. L.

Voilà!

● Paul Géraudy, author of *Si je voulais*, now playing at the Théâtre de la Michodière, was asked by his leading lady what he would demand from the gods if he were allowed three wishes. "Aged thirty I would ask for: Love, Money and Health," he answered, "but at seventy I would desire: Health, Money and Love!" "And how old are you?" asked the lady. "Closer to thirty than seventy," was the answer.

Family Portraits from



The Hon. Mrs. Alexander with her youngest child, Annabella, aged 2½. She was formerly Miss Buxton, daughter of the late Cdr. Buxton, D.S.O. Her husband, the Hon. William Alexander, D.S.O., is brother to the Earl of Caledon and the new Governor-General of Canada. The Alexanders have two older sons, born in 1935 and 1938



Lady Anne Wake Walker is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Spencer, and her marriage to Lieut. Christopher Wake Walker, R.N., took place in 1944. Lieut. Wake Walker is the elder son of the late Admiral Sir Frederic Wake Walker, Third Sea Lord and Controller of the Navy. With Lady Anne is her daughter, Elizabeth

Photographs by Marc Compton Collier, David J. M. Hood and S



Major and the Hon. Mrs. Patrick Leatham, whose home is at Bracknell, Berks. With them is their son, Simon Patrick. The Hon. Mrs. Leatham is the youngest daughter of the late Lord Buckland, and was the Hon. Cecily Berry before her marriage in 1940. Her husband is serving in the 10th Hussars



Brigadier and Mrs. Peter Smith-Dorrien and their son, aged thirteen months. Brigadier Smith-Dorrien, O.B.E., is the son of the late Lord Smith-Dorrien, D.B.E., and of Lady Smith-Dorrien, D.B.E. His wife was formerly Miss

own and Country



ndy Colwyn with her two sons, the Hon. Anthony Colwyn, aged four, and the Hon. Timothy Smith, two years younger. Her husband is Lord Colwyn; he succeeded his grandfather in January of this year, and is a captain in the Gordon Highlanders. He is the son of the late Hon. F. H. Hamilton Smith

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their daughter, Carol Ann, aged 12, is the son of the late General Sir Horace Scott, Principal of the Royal School of Needlework. Cynthia Toulman



Lady Rosemary Dunn is the wife of Lieut.-Cdr. D. F. H. Dunn, R.N., and before her marriage in February of this year she was the widow of Captain E. C. F. Nutting, Royal Horse Guards. With her is her daughter, Davina Rosemary Nutting. Lady Rosemary is the elder daughter of the sixth Earl of St. Germans and of Lady Blanche Douglas



The Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch with her daughter-in-law, Lady George Scott, who is the wife of Lord George Scott, younger brother of the Duke of Buccleuch. Their three children are Georgina, Charmian and David. Lady George Scott is Molly Bishop, the artist



Warren Chetham Strode with His Wife and Son, Michael

A Dramatist Who Writes on the Problems of To-Day



Warren Chetham Strode and his wife, Moira Verschoyle, looking at a picture of his great-grandfather, Admiral Sir Edward Chetham Strode, K.C.B., which has a place of honour in Warren Chetham Strode's dressing-room

Warren Chetham Strode and His Family at Their London Home

● Warren Chetham Strode is the author of that successful play *The Guinea-Pig*, the story of a council schoolboy sent as an experiment to a Public School, which is playing at the Criterion Theatre. He is also the author of *The Young Mrs. Barrington*, which was produced at the Winter Garden some months ago. In these two plays Mr. Chetham Strode has shown himself to be a writer who can present the problems of to-day on the stage and at the same time provide excellent entertainment for the theatregoer; an achievement which few playwrights have hitherto been able to accomplish. He also has a comedy, *A Play For Ronnie*, on tour in the provinces prior to coming to London. His wife is the artist Moira Verschoyle, and she collaborates with her husband by providing the décor for his plays. She is the daughter of Captain F. Verschoyle, and was born at Castle Croy, Co. Limerick. Their son, Michael, is seventeen-and-a-half and has just left school. He will shortly be called up, and when his military career is over, plans to enter journalism. The Chetham Strodes have a charming house in Markham Square, Chelsea, where these photographs were taken

By "Sabretache"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

Just Names

WHEN not quite so busy with names like Prince Regent, Kargal, Red Rower, Chaka, Jalgreya, Poor Flame, Kami, and such like, I suggest that the studious might memorise some like Kandahar, Ghuzni, Kabul—all in a nice little line—also Kerman, Bandar Abbas, Bushire, Ahwaz, Khushk, Herat, Termez; and there are many more which a good contour map is sure to suggest to the penetrating eye. It seems as though even the myopic might be able to see that comparatively short distance beyond the tips of their noses. None of those included in the second batch of names is that of a racehorse, but I do venture to think that some of them may come to a very short price in the betting for a very big steeplechase over an infernally rough course before you and I are very much older. The bookmaker's name is Oil, and he is by no manner of means of a pleasing countenance.

Châ

THE learned discussion, by which we have been edified as to the origin of this word, has been immensely uplifting without any possible, probable doubt whatever. It seems to have been the cause of many headaches to Oriental scholars, saintly mullahs, and others. All the time, however, almost any simple soldier, who has been east of Suez, could have told them that it has been the synonym for "tea" from the days of Private Mulvaney, and even before then. We, who have been so familiar with it, are quite prepared to accept the assurance of the more erudite that it has a respectable Persian—and Sanskrit—pedigree. So many of our words, which are the small change of our daily converse, can claim a similar distinction, and the mere fact that *châ* has been adopted by Thomas Atkins in no way detracts from its dignity. We say of someone who we think is very small beer: "He is no great shakes!", little realising, perhaps, that we are calling an ancient language to our aid in telling him where he gets off. If we desire to show off, we should say "Chakus" (person, individual), for that is the parent word. Mr. Atkins very rarely phrases it in the flowery language of Haroun al Raschid. He says—well, never mind. "Dekko" (look); "Mucking" (*makhhan*—butter); "Jaldi" (quick), and even the name of one of London's most comfortable clubs—quite rude in its literal translation from the Urdu—all come to us *via* the warriors who have served on India's coral strand, and, like *châ*, have been absorbed into our own polyglot tongue. We have a great deal for which to thank our Greatest Ambassador. He has never been stumped by any foreign language, and he is able to make very little go a very long way. *Exempli gratia*: "Kitna bair" (what time) this bokri's (*bukra's*—goat's, hence sheep's) *topi* (hat—hence head), meaning to say: "Ere, Abdul, what's the price of this sanguinary sheep's head?" "Dooley promenade!" "Du lait (milk, therefore "your cow") promenade (is walking about—hence has got loose)." This hardly eclipses the foregoing as an example of Thomas Atkins's most enviable versatility. *Châ*, therefore, is quite a minor achievement.

Films for the Young

LOATH as anyone must ever be to destroy a pet illusion, especially where the young are concerned, truth must out! The film has been flirting with history yet once again. William Kidd was commissioned in 1696 as a privateer by William III. "to run down the French and their friends whenever and wherever they were to be met." He duly took out Letters of Marque—and off he went! Many High-Ups in the Party then in power were shareholders in the enterprise of this very fine seaman. Kidd fell in with two merchantmen owned by the Great Moghul, sailing under safe conducts from the enemy, the French. They were, therefore, quite legitimate "prize of war." Kidd had a

scum of a crew, and, headed by the gunner, one William Moore, they tried to capture the ship and turn pirates. Kidd laid the ringleader out with an iron-bound wash-deck bucket. He then had to put back into port to replenish his stores. A new Party had come into power, and he was arrested the moment he stepped off the gangplank in New York and sent back to England in irons; but even then the politicians, anxious as they were to get one in on the opposition and prove that they were partners in a piratical enterprise, did not venture to make piracy the main count in the indictment, and relied on the charge of murder of the mutinous gunner. They packed the jury and suppressed the French passes given to the Moghul's ships. These can still be seen by the curious in the Public Records Office, and they hanged Kidd in the Pirates' Dock at Wapping. Here is a copy of the main part of the indictment at the Old Bailey upon which the prosecution depended:

Being moved and seduced by the instigation of the Devil, he did make an assault in and upon William Moore upon the high seas with a certain wooden bucket bound with iron hoops, of the value of eightpence, giving the said William Moore one mortal bruise of which the aforesaid William Moore did languish and die.

If the film wanted a full-sized pirate for Smith Minor, why not "Blackbeard" Teach, whose gunner was Israel Hands (vide *Treasure Island*)? He was the real thing!

Cheltenham

OWING to the fact that the printer's portcullis shuts down upon me on the very day that the National Hunt Meeting opens, the news position strongly resembles that of Mahomet's coffin! In the meanwhile, I have received a further injunction from my entertaining friend in the Evergreen Isle not to let Miss Dorothy Paget's colours run loose. This means that we should have taken the best price on offer about Distel for the Champion Hurdle Race, or about Sun Storm, if he ran, which he probably did not, and that he believes that Roman Hackle is good enough to beat Prince Regent, Poor Flame, and so forth, at level weights in the Gold Cup. The Book says "No." And, anyway, I do not think Roman Hackle will have



"Captain Parkinson has come along to speak to us about the impact of Western civilisation on Africa . . ."

run. You never know in a steeplechase which one has lost until the winner has passed the post, and not always even then. However, this prophet has had more chances of a close-up view of Miss Paget's horses than most of us. Though he is one of the greatest playboys of his Western World, he would not, I am sure, deliberately put us wrong. I believe almost all that he tells me, even to the one about his second cousin, Coneen, and The Ward Hunt Ball. According to him, she is very plain about the head, with rather boxy feet and a dishing action on the slippery going of a ballroom floor. So they were rather afraid that she might get left at the post. Their fears, however, proved quite groundless, for when they found her half-way over, and asked how she was going, she said: "First-class, you baboons! I've had four D.W.D.s, three falls and a two-step!" The letters D.W.D. stand for Dublin Whiskey Distillery. So you never know! P.S.—Distel, Dunshaughlin, Loyal King all owned by Miss Dorothy Paget!

On page 277 of our issue of February 27th we stated that Radiance, a runner at the Windsor races, was owned by Mr. A. T. Ward. The owner is, in fact, Mr. A. W. T. Hood.



Scotland's two young half-backs: Angus Black, from Edinburgh University, and Dr. I. J. M. Lumsden, Watsonians



Ireland's two pre-war Internationals, who played against Scotland: C. Murphy, the captain, and Fred Moran, wing three-quarter

D. R. Stuart



Cdr. Everitt (on foot) and Mr. R. S. Annesley are hunting the Duhallow Hunt. Mr. Annesley is a former Master



Major H. Bramwell and Major Livingstone-Learmonth, two ex-Masters of the Duhallow

The Ballyhooly Meet of the Duhallow Hunt in Co. Cork



Mr. J. S. O'Meara, the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Stern, younger daughter of the late Mr. J. S. Shepherd, a former Master, Major Allen and Cdr. Everitt



Sir Thomas Meyrick, Bt., Mrs. Bramwell and Lady Meyrick. Mrs. Bramwell married Major Bramwell some years ago when he was Master of the Hunt

Automobile Association Luncheon: by "Mel"



At a recent luncheon of the A.A. Committee, the chairman, Canon F. W. Hassard-Short, was presented with his portrait in oils painted by Count Grixoni. Among those present at the luncheon were Count Grixoni, Sir James Adam, Sir Malcolm Perks, Ormond Blyth, chairman of the Devonshire Club, Canon Hassard-Short, Sir Frank Newson-Smith, Deputy Lord Mayor of London, Sir Pierson Frank, Chief Engineer L.C.C., W. H. Gaunt, and E. H. Fryer, secretary A.A.



Mr. H. R. Hoare, Miss Maxwell, Miss Kemp, Miss Haues and Mr. T. Shackleton. There were more than 200 entries for six races at the point-to-point



In the Adjacent Hunts' Ladies' Race: Miss M. Delfosse taking a fence on Irish Bachelor, who came third

The Whaddon Chase Hunt Point-to-Point Races At Oxley's Farm, near Wing, in Buckinghamshire



Lady Joan Colville, wife of Lt. D. R. Colville, R.N.V.R., and sister of the Earl of Jersey, with her son and daughter and Mr. Philip Colville



The Marquess of Hartington, only surviving son of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire (right), the Marchioness of Hartington and Mrs. Hoare



Mrs. H. T. Morton, wife of the Master of the Whaddon Chase, with Major S. G. R. Barratt, Master of the Old Berkeley (East), and Mrs. Barratt



Major H. T. Morton, Master of the Whaddon Chase, and Sir Reginald Bonsor, who were the judges, with Mr. Eaton Evans



Major and Mrs. C. F. Johnston. Nearly 15,000 people attended the point-to-point, which had been revived after seven years



Col. Blacker, Major Cecil Drabble, Mrs. Strettel and Col. Strettel



Alexander Bender

Fred Majdalany is the author of "*The Monastery*" (John Lane The Bodley Head), a book based on the author's experiences as an infantry major in the final battle for Cassino. Recently demobilised after six years in the Army, he was before the war a dramatic critic in Fleet Street. "*The Monastery*," which is his first book, is dedicated to the second battalion of the 20th Lancashire Fusiliers, and has been recommended by the Book Society

Aesop's Fables

The Magpie and the Radio

A Magpie in a gilded cage
Did not, as one might fancy, rage
Against incarceration.
No, not at all. He loved to hear
His voice, controlled, well-trained and clear
Getting appreciation.

And then they bought a Radio
Which naturally stole the show,
But, far from feeling slighted,
Our artist made his humble bow
Before this unexampled row
Envious but delighted.

In silent and attentive poise
He wondered how it made a noise
So gloriously blatant.
Now was this wooden box inspired?
At length he noticed it was wired:
That seemed to be the patent.

One evening with the greatest pains
He wired his ankles to the mains
(The family were at Brighton—
Due back that night). My word, they'd see!
Now, there they were, he heard the key—
Then someone turned the light on.

There was a blue-green flash. The fowl
Gave one enormous blue-green howl
And feathers filled the darkness—
Even the very smallest went.
And now he lives inside a tent
To mitigate his starkness.

Immoral

No Imitation without Insulation.

J. R.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

"The Harp and the Oak"

"Critical Essays"

Persecution

THERE are two standard, English ideas about persecution—one, that it is un-English and does not happen here; the other, that persons inside these happy shores who do claim or believe themselves to be persecuted are the victims of their own persecution-mania, a subjective disease. Without venturing to attack either of these ideas too radically, I should say that for every one case of persecution-mania there are four of genuine persecution. Granted, this is not organised, is not authorised, is shocking to public opinion when it is brought to light, and, outside one kind of school, almost never takes a physical form. It is a herd symptom—expressing itself in pecking, minor boycott, slander campaigns, malignant practical joking, or the collective snigger. It is, as might be expected, at its crudest in crude, rude and backward groups and societies. It is always glad of a peg to hang itself on—any ruling phobia, or witch-hunt, of the day.

Granted, equally, that there are born persecutees—persons who out of nervousness or maladjustment, but just as often out of misdirected good will, cannot, where their neighbours are concerned, do anything right. Alternately, their diffidence or their confidence is equally fatal in its effects.

The subject of Hugh Massingham's new novel, *The Harp and the Oak* (Cresset Press; 9s. 6d.), is persecution—or, to be more exact, an outburst of anti-Semitism in an English village during the war. The theme is grim; the manner is so racy, ruthless, brisk, farouche and satirical that much of this novel might pass as hard-boiled comedy.

Newcomer

VICTOR ABRAHAMS, who, at the age of fifty, abandons his safe if dim niche as professor in a provincial English university and comes to settle at Mandon, is a lovable figure, and at the same time (from the point of view both of his own interests and the conventions of rural existence) an ass. He is idealistic, dignified, honest, and overflowing with love for his fellow-man; he is also naïve, rash, incurably theoretic, childishly volatile, and blind to danger-signals from other people. Unlike his more distinguished elder brother, Jacob (whose life-work has been a standard history of the Jewish race), Victor is not race-conscious: in his up-to-now sheltered existence his Jewishness has not counted one way or the other. To an extent, Victor has suffered from being overawed, to the point of intimidation, by his elder brother. His recent marriage to the young, pretty Ilse (a Viennese refugee) has been seen by the Abrahams family as a rash venture—while his move to remote Mandon and aspirations to farming put a strain on the family tolerance as a crack-brained scheme.

It is thus, as we feel from the start, essential that Victor's Mandon enterprise should be a success: his credit as man and husband are involved in it. He must justify his beliefs; he must make good; he must secure happiness for his adored young wife. He has bought a pleasing, if primitive, large white cottage, and the land and farm of the farmer Bull, who has failed. Opposite Victor's cottage, and forming part of his land, is the village recreation-ground—which, though it has long ago ceased to play any part whatsoever in Mandon life, is soon to loom large as a *casus belli*.

The Village

AND Mandon itself? Mandon, we are told at the very start, is a backward village. It must have been—I should say from all the

signs—originally a "free," or squatters', village. Mandon, however, has had the misfortune to acquire, or be acquired by, a non-indigenous, thoroughly bogus squire, or would-be squire, one Mr. Westcott (whose modern, half-timbered residence is reputed to have won first prize in the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition, 1931). Hereditary squires have the faults, but also the qualities, of their breed—only a Mr. Westcott would have rattled, for instance, on that village meeting; and his pernicious uneasiness and tinny patronage are the source of some of the ugly currents in Mandon. Everyone else in the village (with the exception of the vigorous if derelict Miss Gibson) suffers from soft rot, from a sort of creeping, scabrous deterioration. A particularly painful instance is Mr. Taunton, the vicar—twittering, lost, with his "Jolly curious . . . jolly, jolly curious." There is also Mr. Chick, the bullying, black-marketeering butcher, father of the hopeful Ernie who tortures rooks; there are the two lady friends—Mrs. Fitzgerald, who gambles against herself and takes swigs of gin in her bedroom out of a blue glass scent-bottle, and Mrs. Owen, ex-belle of the Anglo-Indian theatrical world. There is Philip Ansted, the local aesthete, who still acquires knick-knacks and once wrote poems; there are the two Irish playboy ne'er-do-wells, with their tedious rhetoric and their busy malice; and there is the Diggle family at the general shop. Mr. Fortune, the unusual publican, is, like Miss Gibson, on the side of the angels—but Mr. Fortune, both in name and in nature, seemed to me astray from a G. K. Chesterton world: he lacks the unseemly (you may say, distorted) reality of the rest of Mr. Massingham's Mandon cast.

How does mild Victor, with his good intentions, succeed in not only getting Mandon up against him, but in stirring up, in this sluggish place, the centuries-old poison of superstitious, fear-ridden anti-Jewish hatred? And what form does Mandon's Jew-baiting take? You must read *The Harp and the Oak* to know. There is remorselessness (a remorselessness that does not spare even Victor) in every line of the writing. But that there is truth here also, one cannot doubt.

Approach

GEORGE ORWELL's *Critical Essays* (Secker and Warburg; 8s. 6d.) are exciting, contemporary and shrewd. I should compare his critical faculty to a searchlight, swivelling and



"Remember those absolutely wizard sweeps in '41?"

reviewing

BOOKS

"The Clock Strikes Twelve"

"The Beauty of Women"

sweeping at every angle, picking out subjects with almost dazzling clearness, but, all the time, having a fixed base. This base is Mr. Orwell's politico-aesthetic creed: he holds (as the wrapper puts it) "that every writer is in some sense a propagandist and that subject-matter, imagery, even tricks of style, are ultimately governed by the 'message' that the writer is trying to put across."

Might this assumption make for a dogmatic, arbitrary approach in criticism? It has not done so in the case of the ever-engaging author of *Animal Farm*. On the contrary, it has made for freshness; and, where the essays' subjects are well known—Dickens, Wells, Yeats, Kipling—for a new angle. Discovery, rather than controversy, is the spirit of Mr. Orwell's writing: eagerly he flakes off, from established reputations, crusted layers of accepted ideas. On the subject of Dickens (to whom he devotes the longest, and major, essay in the collection) he is fascinating. He notes, for instance, Dickens's lower middle-class abhorrence of—one might say phobia against—violence, squalor, lawlessness and the extremes of poverty; his indifference, verging on hostility, to aristocratic ideas; his genuine liberal passion for social justice, coupled with an unrealistic optimism and reluctance to envisage radical change; his keen sense of class-gradations inside the middle class; his Cockney ignorance of sport and agriculture, and intensely-civilian dislike of militarism; his idealisation of domestic bliss (aimless, static, fecund); and the extraordinary lacunae, humanly speaking, in his novels caused by his disregard for, or unawareness of, *work*—of that whole executive, zestful, ambitious part of a man's nature that the man's profession brings into play.

Of the Kipling essay, I must say that I think Mr. Orwell under-estimates Kipling as an artist: if a doubtful poet, he was a master storyteller.

By-Products

A whole, and absorbing, group of these *Critical Essays* devote themselves to by-products, but important by-products, of this our doubtfully blessed age. "Raffles and Miss Blandish" is a comparative analysis of the crime stories of two different generations: the growth of the gangster ideal, and of sadism, within the last few decades has been depressingly marked. "The Art of Donald McGill"



"My dear, she just simply appeared—but she's a perfectly wonderful cook"

is a study, built round one conspicuous "artist" in the genre, of comic postcards, their public, their market, and the concept of life that they represent. "Who does not know the 'comics' of cheap stationers' windows, the penny or twopenny-coloured postcards, with their endless succession of fat women in tight bathing-dresses and their crude drawings and unbearable colours, chiefly hedge-sparrow's egg tint and Post Office red?" This is one of the most striking essays in the book: it ties, I think, for interest with "Boys' Weeklies." Here, we see the fruits of extremely thorough and, one can but feel, loving research: Mr. Orwell writes with authority of those two unchanging veterans, the *Magnet* and the *Gem*, and their ramifying and slightly changing descendants—his generalisations invite thought. His Salvador Dali essay—as startling, sometimes, as its subject deserves—touches the root of a question that cannot, perhaps, be answered either fairly or finally. "In Defence of P. G. Wodehouse" demands respect, by its reasonableness, justice and lucidity. . . . I recommend *Critical Essays* as a stimulant- tonic during these dull, and dulling, late-winter months.

Unhappy New Year

PATRICIA WENTWORTH'S writing, at once practised and fresh, is at its best in *The Clock Strikes Twelve* (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.)—a detective-story hinging on a New Year's Eve family party. Miss Silver gains yet more laurels for her Edwardian brow. Nice love-interest, and amusing characterisation.

Varying Women

"THE BEAUTY OF WOMEN," by Clifford Bax (Muller; 10s. 6d.), is a slender and beautifully-produced volume, in which feminine beauty, from that of Ancient Egypt up to the present day, is discussed, in all its phases and changing types. Photographs of sculpture and painting support Mr. Bax's chapters—showing, which is interesting, what would seem to have been the few "constants," throughout the ages, in woman's beauty—i.e., large eyes, small wrists, long necks.

The whole subject is, for those of my own sex, at this juncture a somewhat depressing one: seldom, probably, can we have felt less at our best. Shapeless, clotheless, and most of us having had 'flu, we await the dawn of the Better Age. However, there is something inspiring, something rippling, cool and remote from the discouragements of to-day about Mr. Bax's prose: soon it begins to flow like an unguent over one's nerves. And the lovely, indolent face of Queen Nefertiti of Egypt, the gesturing Aphrodite, the running Nereid, the narrow mediæval saints and the flower-like or voluptuous creatures of the Renaissance, seem to begin to smile with a sisterly sympathy.

No one (however low their morale) could ever wish to look like a Stuart portrait, nor to compete in multiplicities of the chin with our ancestresses of Queen Anne and Georgian times. Romney's young Lady Hamilton, with raised hand, shows how, once more, slender beauty regained its power. In fact—which is encouraging—we seem, in our twentieth-century ideal, to be returning to that which was most esteemed by the first (and, it now seems, fairest) civilisations: long-legged, slender height, free ease in movement and—if possible—grace.

Mr. Bax has read widely, and commands a fascinating variety of quotations from authors and poets of all time. He believes that woman's beauty should hold a high moral place—and pleads that it should not be overcast by Hollywood-bred claptrap about "glamour."



„KOM BINNE, KEESIE, MOT JE OOK VERZUPE...?"

"Come home, Cesar, or you'll drown yourself"



DE „ONDERGRONDSCHE PERS"

The Underground Press



ICH HABE ALLES EINKALKULIERT.....

"I Have Taken Every Possibility Into Account"

● These are three of the cartoons by K. Links on display at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. They are from an interesting collection of Underground publications edited between 1942 and 1945, during the German Occupation of Holland



McGowan — Kellett

The Hon. W. J. McGowan, younger son of Lord and Lady McGowan, married Mrs. Myrtle Kellett, widow of Col. E. O. Kellett, M.P., and younger daughter of the late Mr. A. Atherley and of Mrs. Albemarle Cator, at Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street



Watts — North

Major Basil Watts, M.C., Somerset Light Infantry, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Watts, of Charmingston Road, Bournemouth, married Miss Susan North, eldest daughter of Admiral Sir Dudley and Lady North, at St. Mary's, Netherbury, Dorset



Edwards — Beale

Major Maurice A. Edwards, son of Alderman and Mrs. Edwards, married Miss Margaret Beale, daughter of Councillor and Mrs. Harold Beale, at Richmond Hill Congregational Church, Bournemouth

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Greig — Gee

Major Hunter H. Greig, R.H.A., only son of the late Mr. Farleigh Hunter Greig and of Mrs. Greig, of Fleet, Hants, married Miss Barbara Helen Gee, Subaltern, A.T.S., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Gee, of Valmead Cottage, Fleet, at Christ Church, Crookham, Hants



Surtees — Falkner

Major J. F. H. Surtees, M.C., the Rifle Brigade, only son of Major R. L. Surtees, of Redworth Cottage, Littlestone, Kent, and of the late Mrs. Surtees, married Miss Audrey M. Falkner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Falkner, of Coton Lodge, Guilsborough, Northants



Kevill-Davies — Lees

S/Ldr. Simon Hugh Kevill-Davies, R.A.F.V.R., only son of Capt. and Mrs. H. S. Kevill-Davies, of 44, Onslow Gardens, S.W., married Miss Jane Madeline Lees, fourth daughter of Col. Sir John and Lady Lees, of South Lytchett Manor, near Poole, Dorset



Coxon — Smith

Instructor Lt.-Com. Coxon, R.N., son of Lt.-Col. A. Coxon, O.B.E., of Hole, Farnham, Surrey, married Miss Daphne Thornburrow Smith, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Smith, of Ash, Surrey. The bride is Divisional Assistant Secretary of the Red Cross

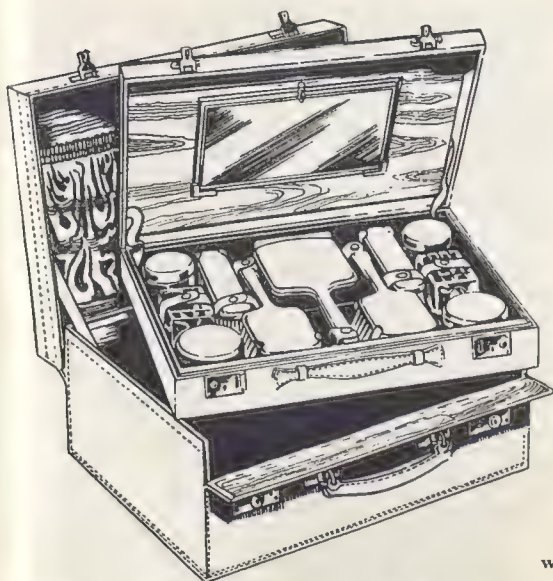
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Jean Lorimer's Page

TALKING OF
BLOUSES

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FROLIC lives up to its name, a froth of frills adorning an otherwise perfectly plain blouse. The sleeves are long and full, gathering into a fitted cuff. *Derry and Toms*



HARRIETTE has a tucked bodice, a squared shoulder-line and a most feminine bow at the throat. *Lillywhites*



FIONA is very neat and plain, the high spot of interest centring in the battlemented tucking of the pocket. *Marshall and Snelgrove*

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CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

WITH the exception of J.A. and One Other, I always find women far better film critics than men; though men romp ahead when it is a question of the Drama. Women film critics are, as a general rule, much shrewder, less bedazzled, more amusing, more outspoken, more aware of the rubbishy thesis beneath the gorgeous Technicolor; less "wide-eyed" with the mental wonderment of the one-and-ninepennies (including Entertainment Tax).

The reason, I suspect, is that the general run of films deal with sex-emotions and behaviour rather than with ideas. And that is a world in which a woman knows her way about. She is rather unheeding when the female philosopher airs her views, but she is wide-awake to the human possibilities—be they "hit" or "flop"—inherent in the angle of her hat. Unlike men, as a general rule she will not add a whole number of psychological fascinations to synthetic blondes. When the lovely heroine rides an Atlantic storm in a life-boat to be rescued at long last with her *tout ensemble* still ravishingly intact, she jeers within herself, no matter how well the actress has registered suspense, terror, and the glorious satisfaction of drowning in the arms of the Man-she-loves. Woman is an adept at noticing the minor absurdities of this film life where men will pass them by in the general satisfaction of being entertained by a series of "eyefuls." And, say what you will, the debunking criticism of a film is always much more amusing to read than any description of its one-and-ninepenny entertainment value.

I have often chortled with delight when Miss L. or Miss R. (no names, no stink-bombs) has related scathingly the details of yet another "Greatest-Love-Story-of-All-Time." A man will tell the story seriously and if, as may well happen, the sickly and false sentiment makes even his pen "cross-nib," in chivalry he recommends it to women; though the correct word should be "flappers."

Perhaps, even in real life, men fail to notice the blemishes of behaviour. They stick in a woman's gullet like a fish-bone. The standards of bad taste and morals are always a female hoisting. Without a Queen Victoria to guide them they are apt to become Becky Sharps. Of which, it must be confessed, men are totally unaware unless "Queen Victoria" happens to be dull. The trouble, however, with the Becky Sharps is that when some fellow-sister is "sharper" than they are, they are half-way back to Queen Victoria before you can say "oic!" This probably makes them shrewder and more amusing as film critics. Moreover, women are much more observant of detail. And it is the absurdity of the details which makes many films so amusing in quite the wrong places. It usually takes a meet of the Quorn in mid-August to shake a male film critic out of his relation of the full story. A woman has got her teeth into it from the moment when the lovely but poor little typist has palpably been dressed by Norman Hartnell. Consequently, she can make the silliest film amusing to read about even when it's not worth seeing. And this definitely adds to the Gaiety of Nations.

All the same, I don't think I should care to be a film critic unless I could pick and choose my films. Even as a watcher I have often felt, half-way through one, as if my bored brain, demanding blood, were being given railway tea. But I, at least, possess the privilege of walking out without being observed.

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A COUPLE were having a run in a car, when the girl espied some flowers growing in a field. Her swain got out and climbed a high fence to gather some for her. Suddenly the girl heard him call out to a farmer in the next field: "Hey! Is this bull over here safe?"

"Well," said the farmer, composedly, "he's a darn sight safer than you are."

THE two following stories are from that "snappy" little book, *Laughs with the Lovelies* :—

"Can I give you a lift, my dear?" asked the driver on a lonely road, slowing to a stop.

"No, thanks," replied the blonde, wearily, "I'm just walking back from one, now."

AT Carlisle the guard, finding Jock without either ticket or money, grabbed him by the arm and put him off the train with a well-placed kick.

At the next station he found Jock again and repeated the expulsion, accentuating the force and gesture.

At the third station the guard was astonished to find Jock there again. Bending low, Jock attempted to jump off quickly enough to escape the violence of the attack.

"How far do you think you're going to get like this?" demanded the guard.

"As far as London," replied Jock, "if my constitution will stand it."

THIS one comes from *Forum*, Johannesburg :—

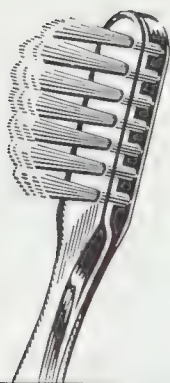
Two old friends who had not met for twenty years, encountered each other at last in the street.

"Great to see you, Joe," hailed one of them. "I guess you're a married man by now."

"No," answered his friend, "I never took the plunge."

"You must be crazy, Joe," the first one exclaimed. "You don't realize what it means to be married. Take me, for instance. Come home every night from a hard day at the office to a warm, comfortable house. My wife is waiting to hand me my slippers and the evening paper. Then she cooks me a luscious dinner and plants me in my easy chair by the fire. She hands me my pipe, and then she comes and snuggles down by my side and starts to talk. She talks and talks and talks—till I wish she'd drop dead."

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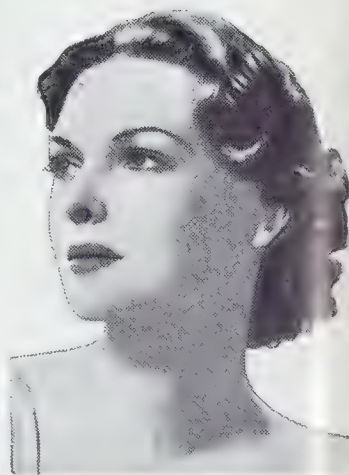
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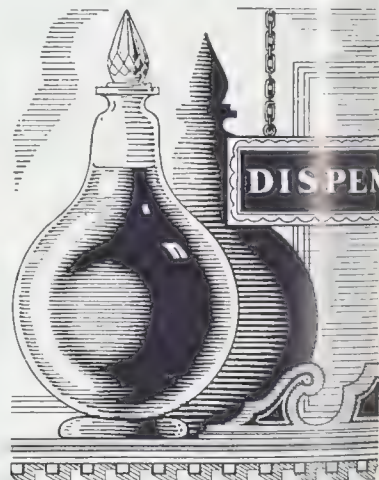
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Transport Co-ordination

I WAS a supporter of the creation of a Ministry of Civil Aviation, but more in order to get civil aviation out of the hands of the Air Ministry than for functional reasons. Functionally, civil air transport ought—as I suggested in a book I published a couple of years ago—to be grouped with land and sea transport and they ought all to come under a single Ministry of Transport.

There is a special advantage in such a grouping for aviation because air transport can never be efficient except in conjunction with other forms of transport. The right way to provide London, for instance, with good air communications is to set up two or three fine main airports at fifty miles or so from the centre and then to link them with the centre by express motor roads. Such motor roads would sweep up over the roofs of houses as they came to the built-up areas and would then become overhead highways, free from crossings. Unless the helicopter advances very rapidly, that combination of the remote airport and the express motor way for connecting it with the city is the only practical one. Heathrow will never be any good as London's terminal, not only because the runways are being laid out on an antiquated plan, but also because it is sited too near London to be permanently safe from building encroachments and too far from London to permit taxis to be used for the final stage of the journey.

Railways

AN alternative arrangement would be to link the airport with central London by a special railway line. But I doubt if this would be better than the express road. Trains might be run at higher speeds. I suppose on a direct run an average of ninety miles an hour could be secured without difficulty. But they would not match aircraft load capacities so well as motor vehicles.

Aircraft would come in with twenty or thirty passengers at a time. It will be a long time before aircraft carrying more than eighty passengers are working regularly. If a train were to be used for the terminal communications, it would have to wait to fill up while five or ten aircraft came in.

Motor vehicles could be provided in sizes ranging from six-seaters to twenty-seaters. These vehicles would not be so fast as the special trains, but they ought to be able to average sixty-five miles an hour along a special highway. Before the war the Germans were building a motor coach capable of a top speed of eighty miles an hour.

Relationships

THE whole problem of the airport for a large town and the terminal journey is linked up with the relationship between the air travel speed and the speed of the terminal journey. If the aircraft averages 300 miles an hour the terminal journey ought to be made at not less than sixty miles an hour. If it is made at less than that speed, the advantage of the air journey is partly frittered away at the end. The best example of the worst terminal communications was provided by the Croydon service in the pre-war years. It was wretched to endure the traffic jams of the trip between the airport and Victoria Station. And the contrast between the lumbering motor coach, the winding roads, the traffic lights and the traffic jams and the direct, simple air journey, was striking. Yet with a Ministry of Civil Aviation separated from the Ministry of Transport, there is little hope that a co-ordinated system of air-land or air-rail transport will be devised. On the contrary, there are already signs that the officials of the ministries are thinking in their own separate ways without reference to one another.

The Services

IT is rather the same with the Services. We have really outlived the time when the Services could be divided into three according to the element in which their vehicles operated. I know that there is much opposition within the Services to the unification of Britain's fighting forces. Yet I am convinced that that is the logical solution.

No longer is war waged on sea, on land, or in the air as a separate thing. War is now waged in all three elements, and it is impossible to draw a line between the work of one Service and another. Airmen travel by land and sea, seamen travel by land and air, and landmen travel by every known method. Moreover, the change in weapons has made the divisions between the Services illusory. The atomic bomb is a weapon which falls within the province of all three Services. It is no more the business of one than of the others to know all about it and to study its use.

University Air Squadrons

IT is good to know that the University Air Squadrons are becoming active again. They were of the utmost value in training pilots and in spreading air-mindedness. I hear that the Cambridge University Air Squadron, under Wing Commander Bicknell, is working at full pressure again. It might be as well to arrange to absorb the large numbers of people who want to join these squadrons, but who cannot be accommodated. The full complement of the Cambridge squadron, for instance, is 100. Before the war there were five applications for each acceptance. There is scope here for the formation of an additional squadron.

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Peggy Sage announces that her salon is ready again to give clients her full and expert manicure service as before. Even though her famous polishes are not yet for sale, manicure clients may choose (for their treatment) from any of the full salon range of colours, which include the new, lovely 'Shimmer-Sheens'—they have an unusual opalescent lustre that is wonderfully gay and smart.

Manicure 5/-. Including warm oil Nail-Flex treatment 10/6. Including special hand-massage 10/6.

Although Peggy Sage Nail Polishes are not yet for sale and are only available for treatment in the salon, the gradual lifting of controls should mean their arrival in the shops soon.

Peggy Sage

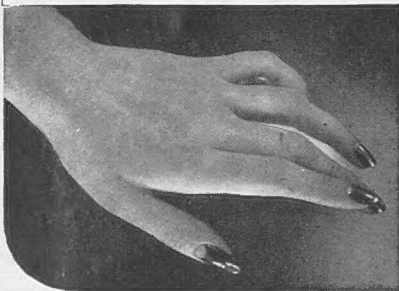
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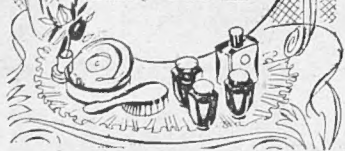


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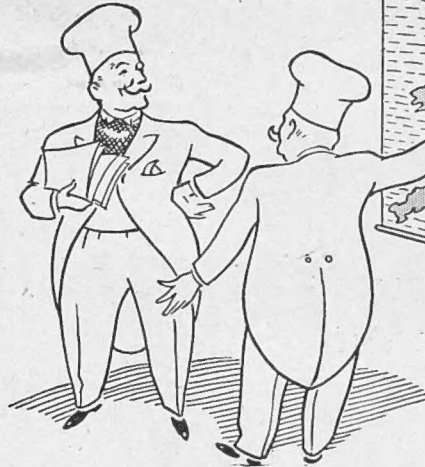
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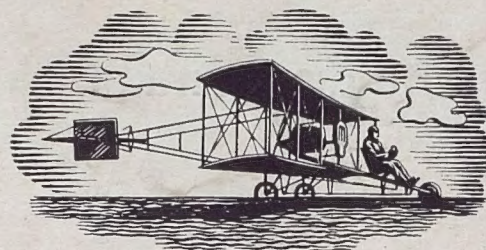
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